



The Temple Artisan

JUNE-JULY, 1922

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THE TEMPLE

PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic centre, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun—the Universal Heart—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

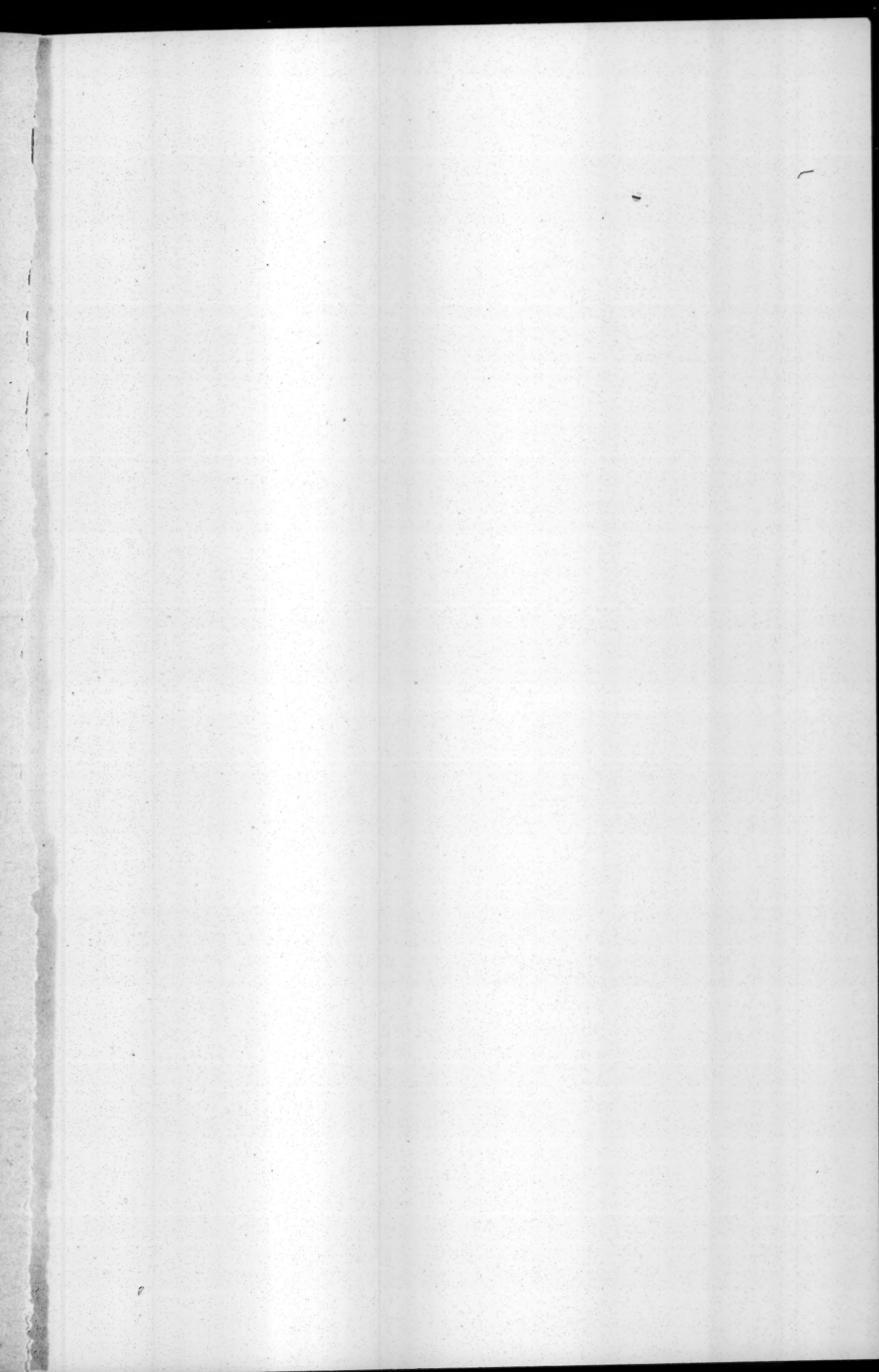
When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

Address THE TEMPLE, Halcyon, California.





FRANCIA A. LA DUE,
First Guardian in Chief of The Temple of the People.

The Temple Artisan

Vol. XXIII.

JUNE-JULY, 1922

Nos. 1-2

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

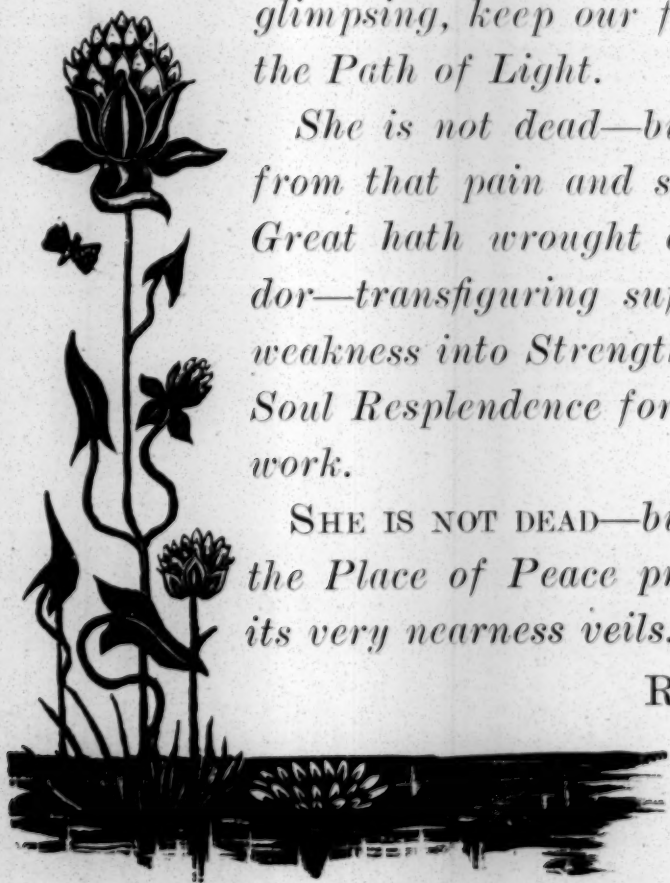
THE LIGHT OF THE BLUE STAR.

She is not dead—but only from that heavy Cross of Pain is freed—borne for so many weary years that so both you and I might glimpse life's glories more behind the outer Veil of shifting form—and glimpsing, keep our feet more surely on the Path of Light.

She is not dead—but liveth ever—and from that pain and sacrifice the Master Great hath wrought a wondrous Splendor—transfiguring suffering into Peace, weakness into Strength, all darkness into Soul Resplendence for Her greater inner work.

SHE IS NOT DEAD—but liveth vibrant in the Place of Peace prepared—so near—its very nearness veils.

R. S. [W. H. D.]



In Memoriam

On the morning of July 20th at 3:30 a.m. Francia A. La Due, beloved Guardian in Chief of The Temple of the People, passed from this Sphere of outer action. For months the Silver Cord was loosening, the Golden Bowl was breaking, and the Wings of Spirit were unfurling for flight to inner realms.

Incapacitated for Temple or other work, for a considerable period her sufferings were very acute and distressing most of the time, all of which she bore bravely and with that patience and in such manner as befitted a great soul molded on heroic lines. A devoted group of members living at the Centre nursed and ministered to her needs with loving care during the entire period of illness and incapacity. These were Miss Edith Bennett, Mrs. Sarah M. Wolff, Mrs. Isabel Tarbox and Mrs. Ida J. Wilkins. Many other devoted ones relieved these at times. Dr. Dower who has been physician to Mrs. La Due for twenty-five years past, was the physician in charge. In this last illness he called in consultation the highest skill available, Dr. Stover of San Luis Obispo, and once Dr. Hastings of Santa Barbara. In spite, however, of all the medical care and the loving nursing bestowed, no improvement could be noted. During the last weeks the speech centers were involved, making outer expression practically impossible. Intellection remained, but seemed also inhibited at times. For years there had been a severe gastric and intestinal involvement of a very painful character, including a colitis of long standing. On the morning of July 19 at about 10 a.m., without any warning a severe and copious hemorrhage of the colon occurred with evidences of considerable distress. Dr. Dower was hastily summoned, as was also the consultant, Dr. Stover of San Luis Obispo. The hemorrhage was controlled and sedatives given to relieve the distress. In her weakened condition, however, the loss of so much blood was serious and the pulse became very feeble. After a time she fell into a sleep and seemed to be better. At ten o'clock that night Dr. Dower came to remain during the night. At that hour he found her sleeping nicely; her pulse was better, somewhat faster than normal, but of good strength and volume. It appeared as though she might pass a good night. Miss Bennett remained with her until about midnight, when Mrs. Wolff relieved her. At about 3 a.m. Mrs. Wolff noted that the pulse was very weak and called Dr. Dower and Miss Bennett at once. The doctor administered heart stimu-

lants but the circulation did not respond, the pulse grew weaker until both respiration and pulse ceased at 3:30 a.m. She slipped away from us quietly, without struggle or resistance. Those present at the moment were: Dr. Dower, Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Wilkins and Miss Bennett. Others had been summoned and soon after the passing, twelve members were at the bedside. Dr. Dower had previously spoken the Temple form of words to be used on such occasions: "Soul that is passing, bear with thee into the Silence of the Great White Spirit, thy portion of the Wine from the Cup of the Holy Grail, that thou returnest to earth no longer a slave to rebirth." With the added group of members present, the Fire Sacrifice was used, the Rallying Cry sounded, the Words of Force recited and the Great Unifier sung.

During the morning all who loved her paid their last visit. Each spoke of the Great Majesty of the countenance, the holiness and beauty that seemed to pour out upon them as a radiance and a blessing.

MY LAST HOURS WITH B. S.

Slowly, imperceptibly the life force recedes.

Slowly, faintly, the Morn of Reality dawns.

A greater life, a greater love, a greater consciousness than she has ever known send their first rays from out her inmost being.

A little child once again she is, playing with her hands, with the bedclothes and gazing about with wondering eyes, seeing many things which are unseen by our eyes.

Now and again a look of unutterable understanding, of unutterable age, flashes into the eyes that dart deeply into mine.

Does she know, does she understand the coming Great Mystery?

Let the Light shine for her!

Let the Life live in her!

Let the Love be at-one with her!

Let the Day gleam for her!

Arise, all ye who sorrow,

Arise and make glad the passing hours!

Soon will the night-shadows fall aslant our pathways,

Soon we, too, must meet the Great Inevitable;
Soon we, too, must enter the dark portals to solve the Great Mystery!

The blood rushes upward, leaving scarlet banners in its track—
The breath quickens, stops, then moves steadily again.
Warnings, all, of the Incoming and the Outgoing!
Calls to memory to imprint everlasting pictures of its loved one;
Calls to love to increase its measure that eternal unity may be ours.

I watch ceaselessly.
Strange rhythms beat upon us; strange beings move in and out.
Their presence I feel, but see not
O, for the power to penetrate the Veil and Know!

My Mind prays for her, my Soul pleads for her, my Heart throbs
with love for her, my Body suffers with her, and my Spirit
waits in silence for us all to be Still and hear the answer writ
large within.

It IS there. Can we reach to it: can we draw it through to the
outer consciousness:

If it be Thy Will.

A little cry; I rush to her, and call for help.
She is slipping softly, quickly inward.
The breath shortens, quivers into silence—
She has gone!—

Feet continually passing, voices ever talking; my own hands moving
ceaselessly.

Now I smooth the lines from the tired face.

Now I softly close the beloved eyes.

The cleansing water,—fresh white garments,—

We fold her hands over her breast. It is finished.

How non-resistant even her flesh is.

WILL THE ROOM NEVER BE STILL!

I am very tired; I will lie beside her for a little time and rest.

Music, heavenly music! Rising, everything rising upward in
glad acclaim. O! Sounds of Triumph, voices of unspeakable sweet-
ness everywhere. I see her: she stands silently, eyes still closed.
About her circle thousands, Voices Triumphant, Harmony, Song,

Joy, Love! Love that is a Fire! White Fire!—Rhythm, thunderous rhythms everywhere. Her eyes open— H. P. B.—A Ray of glorious Red—Ecstasy—Victory—At-one-ment! The Master—many Masters—THE CHRIST!

SARAH A. MERRELL-WOLFF.

July 20, 1922.

THE SERVICES.

On Friday afternoon at 4:00 Templars and friends gathered at the Headquarters Cottage for an hour of communion with her and with each other. As the song, "God Is in His Holy Temple, Let All the World Be Still," was sung, a silence so profound, so awe-inspiring encompassed us that we felt as though the whole world listened and was still. The Unseen Brotherhood filled the inner spaces and those of us who had so loved her filled the outer spaces full to overflowing. Everywhere flowers sent forth their perfume as a glad sacrifice in return for the privilege of being there.

SONG.

"GOD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

The hand of God had fallen heavy on me,
The shadows of life's evening closed around me,
Noise and confusion reigned about me,
Nowhere was there rest.

Nowhere on the earth was aught but sorrow,
No hope in looking forward to the morrow,
When lo! I heard a voice, a heavenly echo,—
Peace, my child, be still.

God is in His Holy Temple,
Let all the earth be still.
Let all the earth be silent,
Be silent before Him,
Be silent, be silent before Him.

Following this song, written by B. S., Dr. Dower, her best beloved friend and co-worker, rose to speak. Tears flowed steadily

as he courageously spoke of her and of their work together for the Lodge and humanity in the following words:

What could be more appropriate than the words of the song just rendered to express our feelings on this occasion, "Be still! Be Silent before Him! Let all be Still!" Words are so utterly inadequate, such hollow, useless sounds, impossible channels for conveying the deeper feelings that well up within our hearts, our minds and souls on an occasion like this. The higher emotions are always unutterable. The eloquence of Silence—that deeper inner stillness can alone express our soul's emotions, and so I feel the impotency of words at this time, before the overwhelming tide of inner feelings, while trying to convey through mere word symbols somewhat of what we all now feel so deeply.

A traveler in an unknown country desires to know what lies beyond the mountain ranges surrounding him and sets forth to climb to the Mountain Top that he may get the wider synthetic view, the large understanding of what lies before and around him and so be able to look down and understand. The climb is difficult and dangerous and many falls and injuries result from the effort to get to the heights, but finally it is accomplished and the traveler attains the higher goal and from that higher observation gets the knowledge of the forces, difficulties, possibilities or impossibilities before him and so is able to govern his course and future actions accordingly. As with material efforts so with our spiritual. The soul seeking experience and greater light and wisdom travels along life's evolutionary journey, finds itself shut in by forces, limitations, inexperience, barriers of lower selfhood, and also aspires to climb the heights for the larger, deeper and more sympathetic understanding of life's manifestation that it may follow the Path of Light and avoid the pitfalls and stumblings due to the darkness and ignorance of the lower levels. After incredible hardships, sufferings, and sacrifices, victories and defeats, the soul does rise above the mass of its fellow beings, and in the shine of that higher light, with cleansed and purified knowledge and vision, is able to point the way to those struggling below, helping such by word and example, by precept or warning on their climb upward, handing down to those other aspiring ones whose eyes are fixed on the mountain top the most helpful forces of light and strength as their state of receptivity will permit. Francia A. La Due, known to the inner members as B. S., was such a soul who by highest aspiration, work and sacrifices, going back through incarnations past, had attained the spiritual

height of the inner life, and who from those altitudes of spiritual understanding was able to look down and understand life in both its inner and outer meaning and so could point the way and give that inner help and teaching to others. And this status made it possible for her to be the agency of forces under direction of the Masters of Light and Wisdom who are ever guiding the evolution of worlds and races.

Again, let us consider humanity surrounded by a great iron wall of selfish desires which keeps out the inner light, love and truth of the spirit, of the eternal verities from shining through except here and there where there is a window—a sensitive spot in that wall of hard selfish desires. This sensitive spot in the iron wall is a Soul who has overcome, in whom the lower self is yoked with the higher and whose fundamental aspiration is to uplift humanity. Such an one who has made in addition the required correlations with the Great Lodge of Light creates an opening or sensitive spot between the outer and inner planes through which that inner light and life may enter the outer. Such a great soul was Francia A. La Due, now our inner link with the Great Lodge of Masters. She had attained to Cosmic Consciousness. She was a very sensitive spot or opening in the Iron Wall—a Window in that Wall through which spiritual forces were liberated, handed out and on to others who were reaching out for that which the Lodge had to give through her, and we all know how much she gave, how vast the amount of instruction, how great was the light bestowed upon humanity through her work.

The history of Christianity shows the spiritual forces that were liberated by the death of Jesus. It is a matter of history concerning the wonderful forces he transmitted; yet what a small following He had, what a motley crew so to speak followed Him, gathered about Him, how He associated with sinners, the unclean, those in disgrace, a small but devoted following, and but few friends. But after the Crucifixion great change is noted. With the breaking of that physical body the Wine of His spiritual Life is poured out and the whole world moves upward. His inner life now belongs to Humanity and by virtue of that great liberation of inner Light and Life His followers, those whose minds and souls are opened, receive a tremendous volume of Christly energy and move on to conquer the world by the Light of that illumination and the power that is now theirs.

In many ways the Temple just now is in a position analogous

to the early days of Christianity. Only after its Leader, Jesus, had passed to the Inner World did recognition come of the great truths He had given to the world. So will we find this with the passing of Blue Star. She is now in the World of Causes where with her great interest in all that concerns the Temple she will be blocking out work that will affect conditions for good on this plane so that the work will go on with greater speed because of having such powerful help co-operating from that inner realm of causes.

It may not be out of place to refer to my own associations with B. S. in the past. This extended as far back as about the year 1894, though I had known her from my childhood, but as she was considerably older I simply knew her at that period as a familiar face in the same neighborhood where both our families lived at Syracuse, N. Y. Up to the year mentioned I had not seen or known anything of her for years. In about the year 1892 I had organized and was president of a very active branch of the Theosophical Society at Syracuse, N. Y. Our lectures and meetings were given much publicity in the daily press at that time and attracted much interest, as the subject of theosophy was then new. My office became a sort of informal headquarters for members. One day while sitting at my desk Mrs. La Due entered the office. She had read of the theosophical meetings we were holding and felt strongly drawn to the subject as presented. She carried in her hand a book in which she had written down many wonderful inner experiences which she hardly understood and did not know what to make of. She read many of these experiences to me that day and we talked about them and I was able to throw much light on them for her, as she had not as yet had opportunity to read anything theosophical. The inner experiences, however were deeply significant and were indicative of a ripened soul ready to be called to a great work. Some of these early experiences are now recorded in the booklet, "The White City of the Central Sun," published shortly before her passing.

Mrs. La Due joined the theosophical society and was a much interested member of it to and through the times of various troubles in that organization leading to its final disruption. Like many others we wondered what would become of the beloved T. S. until one day the Light came. The Master came to us in different ways and on different planes: by mail, in person, talking face to face on this outer plane, and then on the inner by all ways of natural communication, each way corroborating the other way, checking up, so to speak, so as to eliminate doubt. Important days they were, days to

be remembered, days of Illumination and Revelation of deep inner and hidden things not often disclosed as to the workings of the Great Lodge of Masters. Step by step we were led and prepared, instructions and directions given for the Founding of the Temple under the direction of the Masters, with One, that Great Soul, Hilarion, in especial charge and who has been guiding the movement ever since. We were first directed to work with the body of theosophists as we were told they were best prepared to take up the Temple work. And thus were she and I brought together by the Master to found and carry on this work to date.

And now on this day, on this solemn occasion, we are assembled to show our love and reverence for the Great Comrade who has passed on from outer sight, but not from our inner realization. That pain-racked body is laid aside, that shabby outworn garment discarded—the Chariot has gone to pieces, but the Charioteer is right here with us driving on triumphantly and leading us on in the lofty shine of her great Spirit for the Temple good. She whom we loved is with and *in* us and will never be far away. She now has larger, more glorious opportunity. Aided by her inner activities the work will expand increasingly. And in our hearts we shall ever feel her nearness and her love watching over, protecting us, and her Light and power will dissolve the shadows on the path ahead for us while we on this plane upbuild the work and carry to successful consummation the Temple plans as given us by the Masters of Life and Wisdom.

At the close of Dr. Dower's address, Mrs. Mayflower sang the song, "Cleansing Fires," which also was sung at the funeral services of H. P. Blavatsky. Mrs. Dower, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Wolff, Miss Bennett and Mrs. Tarbox each spoke simply and lovingly of B. S. as she had been reflected to each of them.

Some months previously she had asked that Mrs. Wolff, Miss Bennett and Mr. Westfelt sing her favorite song, "Rest,"* at the services when she left this plane of life. The words had been spoken by the Master to her during a time of great trial and she loved the song. This closed the services for the day. The interment took place the following day at 3:00, thus making it possible to have a death mask made of her features. Mr. Varian and Mr. Winsor did the work that evening with great success.

At the appointed hour we again gathered and after a prayer and a song, we moved forward to the little Halcyon Cemetery, where

she had chosen burial in preference to cremation. The children, under the direction of Mrs. Beggs, had decorated the grave inside and out with masses of green foliage and flowers until it was a veritable bower of beauty and fragrance. There we left her after singing all her best loved Temple songs and some of the old hymns until the last sod had been placed and the last flower used to cover it. A spirit of deep peace descended upon us and in the hush which precedes the setting of the sun we slipped silently away leaving John Varian, lost in meditation, keeping guard as the shadows of night fell.

The next day, Sunday, was a memorial day. With her picture placed in her chair and covered with flowers, we talked to each other of her, of our love, of our hopes, of our responsibilities in the days to come, and Mrs. Wolff spoke of her last words to her personally, a repetition in part of a sentence spoken by Master at one 36 meeting: "Keep MY Lamp alight, Beloved, and forget me not."

S. A. M. W.

*Copies of the song, "Rest," may be secured by writing Headquarters.

The following poem was read by Mr. J. O. Varian at the services:

MOTHER OF THE TEMPLE ACCUSHALA.

Mother of the Temple Accushala,

The long long tragic birthings are over Alana,
Your children are walking the roadways of the world,

They have listened at your knees in reverence and true love
Their hearts are remembering you and your living precepts.

Mother Accushala—the pain and commotion for you are gone,
The deep weariness—the inhibited ideals,

The hard struggle against inertia and darkness;
These have passed for you, and the sunlight and flowers,
Are in your friendships.

The long arms of Love are about you Mavourneen,

The Mystery of Peace is healing your heart and the loneliness.
We are giving you the blessing of our gratitude, and
You passing to the high Gods.

It is our day now to be lifting your load,

The dark sin of the world is longing for lighting,

Dishonor is crying to become honorable—
Discord is craving harmony.

It is our transformation must be in it now Alana,
We who have sin, must become pure—
We who have passion must become peace.
Subtlety, falsehood, grasping ambition, must fade into strength,
Honest hearted folk we must become—to be
Worthy of the Temple power.

Love to you, Mother of the Temple—
Love to you, Mavourneen Macree;
Love to you and you passing into the Inner Beauty,
Love to you woman walking Godward.

—J. O. V.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Francia A. La Due was born at Chicago, Illinois, on January 19, 1849. When about four years of age her parents moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where the greater part of her life was spent until she came to California in 1902. She used the name Frances until about twenty years ago, when she began using Francia as her given name. She was educated in the public schools and early in life manifested marked literary ability; some of her writings and poems appeared in the daily press during that period. Her life was not a happy one, touching as it did depths of experience along many lines. A character cast in such large mould would be grossly misunderstood. Privations, hardships, suffering and poverty marked her path. Capable of rising to the greatest heights, she was kept chained to the lowliest tasks of duty. Though not a trained nurse, she followed that calling for many years and was very competent in both private and institutional work. Her family name was Beach. Her first marriage occurred at the age of sixteen and was disastrous and soon over. The second marriage occurred much later in life and Mr. La Due passed into the other world later on. Her mother died a few years ago, but she has two sisters and one brother still living in the eastern states.

The outer events of her life while filled with the most intense and the deepest experiences of soul and body from an ordinary standpoint would not interest the public so far as details are con-

cerned. Her inner and occult life, however, reveal the richness of her soul and the supernal character of the Ego governing that personality. A vast storehouse of writings, facts and experiences remain to indicate her occult status and these will be given out through Temple channels as time unfolds. W. H. D.

HONOR THE EVER LIVING BLUE STAR.

As I sat at my typewriter seeking something in memory of Blue Star there came only a thought silence and I wondered why there should not be a quick and easy speaking. She was so near and so much. Then it came to me that I was seeking where she was not. I had sought in memory and she is not a memory—save in a very limited and passing sense. Blue Star is not of the past. She does not stand in the category of those things that have been. Yes, truly the instrument of her outer expression has gone the ultimate way of things corporeal. But the instrument is not Blue Star and it is Blue Star that we would honor in this day. I turned from the past to the present and then the typewriter spoke out, for I had knocked at the true habitation. All about us now stands this presence that we would honor. There is a greater richness of communion, not a lesser. A veil, not a connection, has been broken. The burden of an inadequate personal form has but been removed that the true glory and power of the love-radiant soul may make itself the more evident, not alone in the world of the unseen, but also on this plane of outer effects. All who look aright may become aware of this.

Blue Star is not gone. Never has she been more truly among us. Never has her power with us been more manifest. In very truth that which is like unto a miracle is being done in the hearts of those who looked to her as a spiritual mother. In this she is not less, but more. So, give honor to her who IS. Seek her not in the files of memory save as those files may serve the constructive needs of the present and the days to come. Let us grow as she would have us grow. Let us forget ourselves in the effort to become one in the Self of all. Let us ever in increasing understanding and selflessness unite closer and closer as brothers and sisters and so call the Mother still nearer us. Seek her in the effort to realize in thought and act that spirit to which her life stood consecrated. In such realization she becomes an ever present reality. So will we bring to her heart joy. So, too, will we bring her compensation for the labors, pains and sacrifices.

The Mother cannot find Devachan nor Nirvana apart from her children. Such is the nature of motherhood. So it rests upon the children to make the mother's reward possible by being what she would have them to be. WILL WE DO THIS?

FRANKLIN F. WOLFE.

BLUE STAR, THE FEMININE ASPECT OF THE MASTER H.

With reverence, yet with hesitance, I aspire to record within the veil of words something of the essence of the Great Reality that Blue Star embodied, something of the Great Work she accomplished on its occult side and something of herself as she was in both outer and inner Being, as revealed to me.

Within her outer woman's form was hidden a Great Mystery. A Celestial Being had united with the astral form that an Avatar might descend and a planet might arise from approaching disintegration and destruction. Linked with Celestial beings and realms on one side of her being and with the earth and its hells on the other side, she stood ALONE, partaking of both, drawing the lower forces and elements of the earth sphere by conscious use of the Law of attraction into the very center of her being that they might pass through Door *she was* into the aura of the Great Master, there to be purified and redeemed and returned again to a crucified earth in higher forms of life and expression. Misunderstood condemned, rejected, ever onward she moved, lifting the whole human race into a higher octave of life, performing the work of the Great Mother God silently and alone, with unswerving fidelity to the Cause she represented. The Keynote of all her messages, all her acts, all her powers, was Divine Compassionate Love, a Love based in an understanding heart and crowned with a true humility. No height to which her brother man could reach but she reached with him, no depth to which he descended but she went with him, and always she held high the Master Light, that on the mountain top or in the blackest cavern its rays might reach and point out the next step onward. Whether the seeker was Aspirant or Slave, God or devil, it mattered not—as a sun, she shone upon all alike and they brought forth according to their power of receptivity. Herald of the Coming Day, one with the Annunciator, she set the pattern for the woman of the Sixth Race. Equal with man in mind, body and spirit, she yet stood, a living sacrifice to the ignorance of the fifth

race, but a living power to the sixth. Woman can only bring to birth that which man offers, whether it be in terms of force, of mind or of spirit. The woman of incoming Day will demand of man higher and finer forms of force and mind than he has ever offered. His reward will come when he sees something of the Radiant Powers which she carries hidden within her soul, awaiting only his awakened insight and response to bring them forth as jewels of light for a darkened world.

Three of the great evils from which humanity has long suffered severely are sex impurity, liquor and drugs. The elementals ensoul-ing these forms are now in process of being controlled, and if I were to say to you that it is so because of the work of transmutation performed by Master H. through the "Door" known as B. S., but few would understand; yet I do so say.

In the midst of the "Great Work" we have stood with eyes sealed and ears hearing not for the most part, yet upon us falls the Mantle of her attainment, upon all pours the essence of her Sacrifice. With the closing of the cycle of B. S., the cycle of the Avatar opens. I record certain words from her that you may read:

"Let there be Peace upon this House;
 Let my Will be made manifest;
 Let my Law take outer form;
 Let my Wisdom be garnered and sown;
 Let my Love be a Shield and a Mantle for those of my house;
 Let my Sacrifice wipe away the mistakes of my loved ones;
 Let the Day Star of the Avatar arise.

—let thy arms hold my own, thy heart be a bulwark to the oppressed and thy work be unshaken by the storms of opposition.

Upon you all I pour the essence of my Sacrifice—let it not be in vain.

Make way for the Avatar!

It is finished; Fare-thee-well."

One last picture I would give to you of her as she was to me in the first eight hours after her passing:

(In all the years I had known her I had never seen her without a certain look of agony upon her face. It was there when she smiled, and those who have seen that smile know of its wondrous

sweetness; it was there when she slept; it was an irrevocable part of her, for it was an expression of that which she was undergoing for the race.

Slowly her face assumed a deep calm which spread into an appearance of such majesty that it became awe-inspiring. A Force descended that was seen as an actual radiance emanating from her silent form. Into and through us it penetrated. With snow white hair piled above a broad, noble brow, hands folded and the form all relaxed, she lay as a Queen and my soul cried out at the unutterable BEAUTY there revealed that all who would might see. The Radiance, the Holy Radiance, spread and permeated the whole Center, until all who could receive were filled with an ecstasy of Love; and thus descended the First Emanation of the Avatar.

Down the long years her feet have trod the wine press and now—the Wine flows! Open your hearts and receive, Children of the Temple; open your Doors that the King may enter in!

SARAH A. MERRELL-WOLFF.

TO THE HEART OF BLUE STAR:

O'er the Holy Vestment thou hast worn I place a symbol—a Red Star of Immortals. It speaks of your highest, holiest love, of one with whom you have worked through ages of time and whose mantle of protection has ever been about you; of one whose problems have been your pain and whose victories have been your joy. May the Red Star rise victorious o'er the forces of the quaternary for your sake and may he ever be worthy of the high faith and divinely compassionate love in which you have enshrined him.

SARAH.

AS I KNEW HER.

As I knew B. S. can best be reflected in a few words of her own uttered spontaneously by her one afternoon a few weeks before her passing and a short time before the veil of silence fell between her and the outer form world.

As had been the habit during those weeks of her illness we had stopped to see and inquire of her regarding her condition, to chat with her a little, bringing to her attention what bits of local happenings concerning friends or conditions might interest her or divert her from the cruel pain which racked her very being.

On the side of her bed I was sitting, thinking for a moment,

silent, when suddenly she reached forward, sat partially upright, took my hands in hers and said, "Jennie, we have loved together, worked together, cried together, laughed together as nobody knows."

Then she sank back upon her pillows, released my hands and looking longingly, penetratingly into my eyes, endeavored to charge me with the understanding that let come what would her prayer, her trust was that all things be used to strengthen the relationship, nothing be allowed to weaken my affiliation with the work, to loosen the hold that had cost so much to gain. So earnestly did she try to make plain that she knew, she understood and shared the burden, the sacrifice of the day, but that nothing was as great, nothing to be compared to preserving the bond of service the Lodge had forged between itself and its disciples.

Interruptions came at this point, but all had been said. There were no more words needed, and so it might be told times without number, of moments of exchange of consciousness between us. We talked little, B. S. and I, compared with some, but we understood deeply, we knew where each other stood, and as her words indicated, our love, loyalty, devotion, never failed each other.

A few characteristics of B. S. I would like to emphasize, for they mean heights of greatness to me, more than any others I can think of. They are, first of all, loyalty. Never in all the years I knew B. S., no matter how great the pressure, how severe the pain, how base the treachery, did I ever once know her to even intimate doubt regarding her trust or slightest thought of laying down the burden, however weary the heart might be.

Simplicity personified was she. What she was we knew. No cloak of superficiality did she wear to perplex or bewilder us. Humility also was hers in like measure. The real thing it was in every instance. No question was there of genuineness, no sense of self-righteousness, of pride to make one hesitate in going to her with a fault, a trouble one might have become involved in. The most miserable was no less than she. Her attainments were nothing beyond the possibility of any one.

Humor, bless her! How many times she saved a situation and made life possible for herself and others by calling out the hidden humor. I can hear her laugh now as I think of different occasions and can see the tears of laughter run down her cheeks from keen appreciation of the humor in something being read or in some unique circumstances presenting for consideration.

Human understanding of such scope and nature that the deepest

trials, the largest experiences, the most complex situations, the never-ending little irritations, needed not utterance from her to convince one of her attention, to feel her realization of their existence. A glance, a smile, a touch of the hand, and one turned the face aside to hide the tear that would rise from the loving sympathy recognized in her.

From the earliest days at Halcyon when a mere handful together we shared cup, chair, table, exploring around about the neighborhood, becoming acquainted with conditions and resources of our new location, laying each day what lines we could for those who were to follow, working through the years hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder in whatsoever ways required, until the last days when lack of strength with both of us forced us to rely almost entirely upon the inner self for understanding and companionship did our auras become more and more intimately interwoven, one in thought, outlook and general consciousness, so that today with the body gone from view for a season there is almost a stronger sense than ever of her guiding, brooding presence, her whole-hearted, interested companionship.

B. S., gracious Spirit, ever present with us, thou art indeed. Thy memory is uneraseably engraved upon our souls guiding us constantly. The silent endurance of thy last hours and weeks, thy crucifixion sublime should be enough to ever hold us close in common purpose, and keep our feet from slipping on the path. And even greater than all these thy withheld rebuke when thou couldst so many times have reminded us of thy counsel, thy warnings that various trials would be inevitable if we would not heed, this B. S., Beloved One, was the greatest of all gifts thou gavest*to us and which makes us stop now as it did those precious last lingering moments and have us speak to thee our gratitude, our *deepest* gratitude, and our love eternal. Bless Thee, B. S. we bless Thee.

JANE W. DOWER.

I first met Francia A. La Due in 1899, although I visited with the Temple at the close of 1898. She had come to New York City with Dr. Dower on some business for the Temple and we were invited to lunch with her at the home of Mrs. Alice Bodwell. We were impressed by her simple, almost childlike, manner and were very much drawn to her. Mrs. Bodwell was a Temple member at that time and is still a member, thus proving herself as one of the faithful.

She was with us at the 1922 convention, coming from New York to attend.

My association with Mrs. La Due was very intimate, as I lived in the house with her more than sixteen years, and we never quarreled. The sweetest part of the association was the reading of messages and instructions; when she was vibrating with the force of them, the look of joy in her eyes when she read me some new treasure was wonderful, and no matter what time, day or night, they came, she would call me and we would rejoice over each one. It was a great privilege to have been so closely associated with her, and I thank God for leading me to her.

She left us for the reason that her work was finished, and a great work it was aside from the teachings she brought to the world.

She had the greatest power of forgiveness I have ever known any human being to have, and her heart vibrated in love toward all mankind.

She did the greatest work of this age in my opinion, and did it under great difficulties, but the loyal support of her comrades enabled her to do it.

IDA J. WILKINS.

The quality that impressed me most in relation to our beloved teacher was that of naturalness. She abhorred shams. She was quite incapable of posing or acting a part. She was always just herself—simple, loving, natural, never fearing to betray herself, never guilty of trying to conceal any of her little foibles, or weaknesses. One loved her as one would love an innocent child, naughty or good; for she possessed the true child-heart. Like a child—or some children—she was very retiring—shy is the word. It was always an effort for her to meet a stranger.

I remember at one time some rather influential people were coming to call upon her. I begged her to put on a more becoming robe. "No," said she, "if they don't like me as I am, I'm not going to dress up for them." Because of her indifference to these outer things some of her friends would be a little disappointed upon meeting her for the first time, for she made no effort to create a favorable impression, and just as she happened to be feeling at the moment, that is the reflex they would get.

The most beautiful thing I loved in B. S. was that nothing repelled her. No matter how unjustly she were treated, she was always waiting to forgive. No matter how adverse things were,

she felt no bitterness. I have never known her to be angry. Impatient as a child might be, but never angry. The years spent in her service were the most blessed I have ever known. Her friendship the greatest treasure life has given me.

EDITH B. BENNETT.

As my mind goes back through the years of association with B. S. the thing that most emphasizes itself to me was her unfailing affection and tenderness. There was a certain wholesome quality of gentle consideration coupled with this. For instance, through all the years since I came into the Temple a more or less constant correspondence was carried on between us. I cannot recall that in this time she ever failed to close her letter to me with an affectionate word of greeting to my wife, and yet my wife has never been a Temple member and has never carried on any correspondence with B. S. But always, even when ill or overburdened or anxious, came this tender word of greeting. She was always punctilious in bearing her share of the correspondence. I tried many times to make her feel that I did not wish to add to her burdens by my letters but wished rather to lighten them if might be by frequently writing to her just homely and often frivolous epistles of affectionate chatter. But always, until at the very last, it became physically impossible, came her reply with its unfailing last word of greeting to "the dear Lady." When one considers with what weariness and difficulty, and often pain, she wrote, the fact becomes the more to be remarked.

GEO. BLAKESLEY LITTLE.

In looking backward over the twenty-odd years during which it was my privilege to know B. S., with the intention of writing down in a few words my memory of her, I find myself confronted with an impossible task. Her character was of such an extraordinary nature that neither I nor any one else could portray it in a few words, or even in a few volumes.

That B. S. was a Lodge Agent I have never doubted. A Lodge Agent is a very different individual from any other human being. He is a mirror, reflecting on all those he may contact the good or the bad that is in them, and intensifying both the good and the bad to a marked degree. This being the case, and the writer being still many degrees short of perfection, the reactions between us were not by any means invariably pleasant, and might even on some

occasions be taken as indicative that he was a very bad egg indeed; but this was not the fault of the mirror, though usually the poor mirror had to shoulder the blame.

During all the years I knew her I never knew her to shirk her duty, however sick and miserable she might be.

A close contact with her brought about conditions which usually only come to one over a period of many lifetimes. Through her one could touch the heights and the depths of life and could reap in a few years the harvest of many lives. To her human nature and human motives were an open book and through her flowed out to those around her all the forces which go to build character.

In my memory she stands out as the most extraordinary human being I have ever met and I shall always think of my association with her with a feeling of gratitude for having been granted the privilege of knowing her.

ERNEST HARRISON.

When one turns from the view of life that is determined by the intellect with its gage of values and standards of procedure to that of the inner man, there is great difficulty in making the adjustment. And for me, moored as I was to the wharves of the intellect and determined by its points of departure, an arrival at a place within the gates of the Temple was a difficult task, filled with how many discouragements and utter rejections. But, fortunately, the soul knows, and with a sacrificial patience reaches down again and again and pushes this wilful child on through its rebellions and its wailings until after a while something happens, a key turns and the great door opens on the Light. Then we stand within the revelation of those inner values so strangely and unbelievably related to the exterior world.

And so was it with B. S. Clothed in a crippled fleshly garment, without pomp and without pretense, careless even of personal appearance and sometimes tangled in sentence structure and in grammar she would offer small reward to one who came her way to look with outer eyes for the divine evidences. It is only when that key had turned and you stood where to stand is to Know that these things dropped away into the utterly trivial and unimportant and you beheld what was. It was, indeed only then that you gained the true admission to the personal self. You discovered, instead of an elderly woman whom you might pass by, a great-hearted mother who would fold you in her arms of loving counsel and fuss over

you as a mother would over her children and give you advice when you were in trouble. Or, perhaps you would meet her in a lighter mood when her eyes danced with pleasure, her face lit up with an innocent smile, and you stood before the little girl; the little girl that was but another evidence of the divine childlikeness that lay in the heart of her remarkable humility; a humility born of an intense devotion to the service of the Master, and one so true it never discovered itself being humble.

It is easy to go with the crowd. But here was one who traveled a path remote, retired and secluded, the untiring and illumined transmitter of spiritual teachings that, like her, stand ahead of their day of full appreciation. And as the clouds of the old Age thicken we face the east of the New Day, praying for some of that devotion and single-hearted service with which you so long and so well held to your task, Mother of Us All.

FRED WHITNEY.

To those who knew B. S. throughout the period of her active, selfless service in the vineyard of the Master—an exact cycle of twenty-four and a half years (seven times three and a half), or one-half of a double cycle of 49 years—there was ever in evidence the one essential qualification of true Chelaship—the Child Heart of humility—the true humility that recognized the greatness of oneness with the Master and the smallness of the personal self without that oneness. She embodied her humility in words when she wrote: “While we should never belittle, never depreciate, ourselves, still we must always bear in mind that we are but one atom in the whole and that in its own time every atom will reach our position and may pass us in the race and leave us far behind.”

There was, also, always in evidence the childlike willingness to ever obey the call of the Master and render, to Him and His, the true selfless service of Love that inheres in the love of service; a recognition of the fact that all true service is Love in action.

By her fruits shall she be known, and by them her name shall yet be honored. These fruits are the messages of loving guidance and helpfulness she was instrumental in giving to mankind; messages that plainly enunciate the true Philosophy of Life; the real Science of Being and the vital Essence of all Religion.

As a personal embodiment of the great Mother Principle of Love she was like unto other mothers and especially in her last days might be fittingly described in some of her own words as a: “Poor,

desperate, self-tortured Human Heart; large with the largeness of God. Blind, yet having the power of infinite perception; dumb, yet possessing the sweetness of Angel tongues.

"Mystery of Mysteries art thou; truly, thy name is Legion, thy nature incomprehensible."

EDGAR CONROW.

When I first met Mrs. La Due I was greatly impressed by her highly developed spiritual understanding of "The Great White Lodge" and of her devotion and loyalty to the Masters who represented that order on the material plane. Seeing my interest, she kindly and most graciously explained the object and purpose of "The Temple" which it was her duty and pleasure to establish on this coast.

Her never failing patience and sympathy under most trying circumstances was wonderful and I never heard her sit in judgment or adverse criticism over those whose words and actions brought her sorrow and distress. She was always ready to excuse and forgive.

The Master's work was to be done and bravely and untiringly she tried to fulfill her mission and often when weary and almost discouraged by the lack of co-operation of the members she would say The Temple must be built and the White City brought forth, and nothing must stand before the Master's work, and cheerfully take up again the labor of love.

We shall not greet her again on this material plane, but she will be ever associated with us in spirit and from the Mountain Top she will guide our pathway. We cannot say Good-bye, only Farewell.

ALICE HENDERSON.

Introspection is invaluable and the larger the thing or person the more necessary. A year's absence from the Centre after having been a part of its doings for fifteen years should give something of a balanced vision. In the light of that possibility, it would seem the fundamental note of Blue Star lay in her *true* humility, in her simplicity, two rather unique characteristics in an age of bluff, self-aggrandizement and psychic intoxication.

Emerson, Lincoln and Maeterlinck have written to the effect that there is no bigness without humility. It was and is hers. Such is my tribute.

DEVAH B. AWERDICK.

FOR TEMPLE MEMBERS

On the evening of July 22 Dr. Dower called a meeting of two of the inner orders of the Temple and laid before them papers that had been entrusted to him by Mrs. La Due to be read in case of her passing. These papers revealed that Dr. W. H. Dower was appointed as her "Successor as Guardian in Chief of The Temple of the People," and also that he was the sole legatee under her will. These two papers were of legal character for filing with the County Recorder. Another paper was then read stating that at the suggestion of the Master Hilarion, Morya, and Koot Hoomi, William H. Dower was appointed her successor in office and that Ida J. Wilkins was appointed to the position of Inner Guard of the Temple and Home Mother of the Order of the 14. Other papers were also read giving general and particular directions relative to the work, with minor bequests to various members. These papers will be quoted more fully to members in the near future with other matters of interest to both inner and outer members.

The papers were all explicit and plain and legally exact and did not leave a particle of doubt as to the wishes of B. S. relative to the successorship in temporal and spiritual matter in the event of her departure from this outer plane of action.

It is a matter of history that after the passing of H. P. B. for a number of years, various persons from time to time claimed to be the successor to H. P. B. under the Lodge of Masters and it will not be surprising in spite of the overwhelming evidence left by B. S. that history will repeat itself in the Temple movement, and that now and then some one will claim to have been appointed to succeed B. S. as Agent of the Lodge. These claims will be based on psychic emotional and misleading messages received by such persons, as the result of their own conscious or subconscious emotional desires for leadership and a sensing of their own fancies and desires visualized, in addition to misunderstandings and misinterpretations of something said to them by B. S. and into whose words they simply injected their own desires—drawing out mayhap from B. S. by the Law of Supply and Demand, a reflection of their own personal wishes. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Temple may be spared a repetition of what happened after the passing of H. P. B., but a word to the wise should be sufficient, and it is well to discount ahead such possibilities and be prepared for troublesome problems before they appear.

In no uncertain tones has it been shown by the papers and direction left by B. S. into whose hand she wished the management of the Temple work to pass, both in the outer and interior phases, and all *post hoc* claims to Agency other than she and the Masters have indicated in the papers referred to may be dismissed as irrelevant and immaterial and as having no basis in truth.

Readjustments are taking place at the Centre of the work and lines being rearranged for greater efficiency, and all evidence points to a great expansion in and with the Temple work for the near future. One indication of this is the subscribing during one of the Convention meetings of over a thousand dollars for the printing of the Open Series of Temple Teachings which have appeared in THE ARTISAN for twenty years back. Printed in two volumes and index these teachings will offer to the world the religious, scientific and philosophical basis on which the Temple work is built, and be open doors through which new members will enter.

The "loose leaves" may be shaken from the Temple Tree, but there will remain a powerful unified Temple heart with many willing hands to carry on the plans of the Great Lodge in preparation for the coming Avatar.

WILLIAM H. DOWER,
Guardian in Chief.

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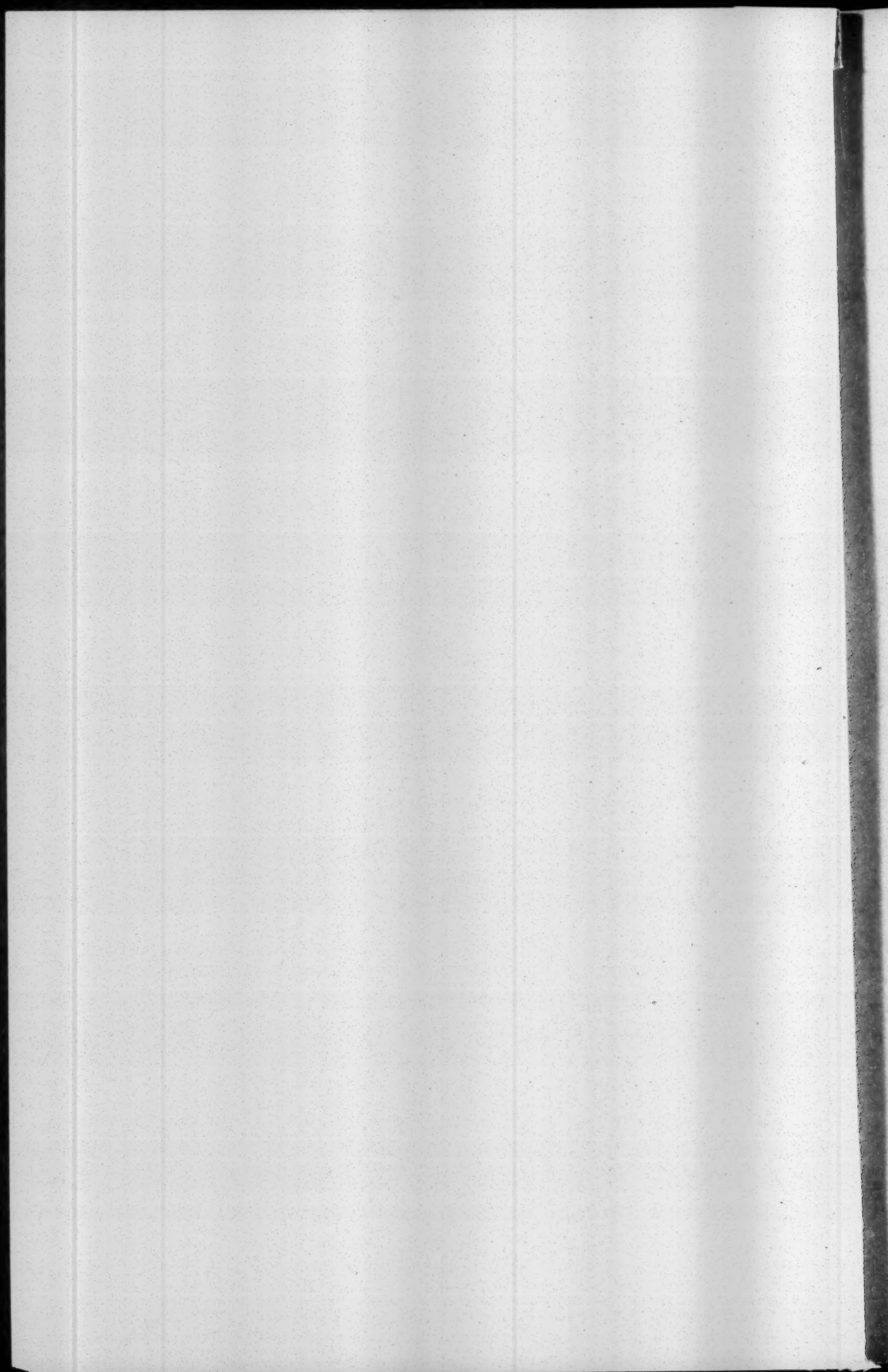
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